



THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

GUSTAVO SALVINI, son of Tommaso Salvini—whose wrong ideal of Shakespeare's Othello was so well presented here, long ago—is to come to America to play the Moor.

OLGA NETHERSOLE has been lecturing in England on "The Elevation of the Drama." No performer has more forcibly displayed the urgent need for its improvement.

ELEANOR ROBSON, though her mother, Madge Carr Cooke, is an actress, made her own stage debut quite by accident. In fact, having some gift with her pencil, she had been brought up with the expectation of becoming an artist. Until she was sixteen she lived at the Sisters of Charity Convent in New York, and in the latter part of the time did not once see her mother, who was playing in the Frawley stock company in San Francisco. Becoming lonely and homesick, she once entreated her mother to allow her to go to San Francisco that consent was finally given, and the girl set out alone across the continent on her first trip in a sleeping car. Just as she arrived, Gladys Wallis resigned from the Frawley company, and a new ingenue who was expected to take her place failed to appear. Miss Robson's mother, half jestingly, suggested that her daughter try a part. Miss Robson was rather pleased with the novelty of the idea, and the manager consented, perhaps because there was nothing else for him to do. On twenty-four hours' notice the young girl learned her first ingenue role, and played it with enough success to keep a place in the company. In the next two weeks she learned and played ten parts, and then went on a short tour to Honolulu. When she returned she had quite given up her expectations of studying graphic art, and was embarked on the career which has now landed her in the Madison Square Theater as a star.

TOLSTOY'S "Resurrection" is not a success as a drama in spite of the good opinion of the critics. It is the old story of the essential difference between the methods of the novelist and those of the dramatist. "Resurrection" in Tolstoy's hands was a magnificent preachment, relieved by occasional flashes of narrative

of the impressionist sort, and composed by a great master who is at the same time a great man. On the stage the plot lacks dramatic sequence, and it has no dramatic finality.

Some of the separate scenes, such as the one in the jury room where Prince Nekhodoof attempts to prevent the conviction of Maslova, and the final scene where the resurrection of the convicted girl from the depths of her ignominy is accomplished, producing a strong effect upon the audience. The combined efforts, however, of the Tolstoians and the Russians of Paris cannot prevail over the ultimate verdict of the public. The piece may be withdrawn in a few days.

The author of the adaptation, Henri Bataille, is a scholar of wealth and leisure who has identified himself with the Russian cause, having translated more than one of the Norwegian master's plays, and he was the organizer, in a financial sense, of the Theatre de l'Oeuvre. Every chance of succeeding was given to his adaptation of "Resurrection" by a generous management. The part of Prince Nekhodoof was admirably played by M. Dumény and that of Maslova by Mlle. Berthe Bady. The scenery was very carefully designed.

RICHARD MANSFIELD has owned that he finds it a great help, if not a necessity, in committing a long part to memory, to walk bareheaded in the open air. In learning his parts, Mansfield has always gone down to his summer home, where he could get outdoors and be free at the same time from interruption. But in the summer colony at New London, where his cottage is, the hald has grown up of going about bareheaded, a custom to which the actor yielded, and which has taken so strong a hold upon him now that last fall he was unable to get the lines of "Julius Caesar" into his head through a hat. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Mansfield will never have to learn a part in the winter months.

FREDERICK WARDE has sent forth, in a pamphlet, his speech on the alliance of the Church and the stage—a union of which he approves.

COQUELIN, the younger, who has been hunting with Emperor William in Prince Hohenlohe von Donnersmarck's forest in Silesia, is arranging to take a company to Berlin in January to play at one of the royal playhouses.

MOVEMENTS OF STARS—Mrs. Langtry will bring before the American public a new play called "The Cross-Ways," by J. Hartley Manners. Mr. Mansfield will set at the Herald Square Theater on January 17, when he will go to Boston. Mr. Sothern will appear at the Garden Theater on December 29, as Hamlet. Mr. Willard gave pleasure to many persons last Thursday afternoon by a performance of David Garrick, and on next Thursday he will give one of the most delightful of his emulations, "The Professor's Love Story." Miss Marie Wainwright is acting Lady Isabel and Miss Vio in "East Lynne." That excellent comedian, Edward Gorry, is to visit South Africa. Mr. Goodwin's engagement at the Knickerbocker Theater will terminate on January 21, 1903. Mrs. Leslie Carter is acting in Brooklyn. She will appear in Chicago December 13. Louis James and Frederick Warde are acting in theaters in Texas. Mr. Hackett will appear in Boston on December 29, presenting "The Crisis." Good judgment and good taste appear to prevail in Baltimore, for Mrs. Duse's performance attracted but little attention there. Mrs. Duse is now in Philadelphia. On December 15 she will act in Chicago. John Craig has been acting John Storm in "The Christian," and his performance is much commended. Mrs. Patrick Campbell devotes this week to Washington. Miss Crossman lately drew more than \$17,000 in one week at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. William Gillette will appear in Philadelphia next week. Miss Edith Wynne Mathison has met with much success in Boston, with the morality of "Everyman," and Hart Conway, of Chicago, has manifested his originality by producing the piece in that city. Alice Fischer acts this week in St. Louis, presenting "Mrs. Jack." Antonio Marjori, an Italian tragedian, purposes to illumine the Bowery—William Winter.

E. H. SOTHERN is to have a country estate in Wales on the west slope of Mount Snowden, the highest mountain in Great Britain. The property embraces 2,000 acres, as well as the Chalestant Hotel, where Mr. Sothern has spent his vacations for several years. The price paid is \$15,000.

R. C. CARTON, author of "Lord and Lady Alfox," has completed a new comedy which is to be produced by Mr. Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theater, London, about the middle of January.

MARIE CAILLIE will make her stellar debut in January in a new comic opera, "Nancy Brown," to be written by George H. Broadhurst and Frederic Rankin. Daniel V. Arthur will direct Miss Cailly's tour, and a New York engagement probably will follow that of Mabelle Gilman at the Bijou Theater. Jennie Yeans has succeeded Miss Cailly in the cast of "Folly in Our Alley."

"LE THEATRE," of Paris, devotes its latest issue almost entirely to illustrations and descriptions of "La Chateleine," which is heralded as "the triumph of optimism in reaction against the prolonged vogue of hypochondriacal plays made popular by the naturalistic school of drama that has flourished under Antoine and the Theatre-Libre."

MANAGER MART HANLEY has announced that at the close of the present season Robert Mantell will go to Manila and thence to Australia on a professional tour.

KATHRYN KIDDER will produce a new play, "An Eye for an Eye," at Syracuse, N. Y., on Christmas Day.

TIM MURPHY began his present season with a tour through the South. His receipts have surpassed all previous records. Mr. Murphy is booked for the Century Theater, St. Louis, Christmas week, but has ordered his tour after that week to be rearranged, that he may play return engagements in Southern cities. At present he is appearing as Jason Green in "Old Innocence." Dorothy Sherrod is again his co-star.

A SECRET OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A NOVEL OF MUTINY AND MYSTERY—By W. BERT FOSTER.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Howard Thorne, a Harvard student and adopted son of a wealthy Boston shipping merchant named Undercliff, learns that his own father is probably alive and residing on an unknown island in the South Pacific. The elder Thorne, who had been the intimate friend and confidential clerk of Mr. Undercliff, had left home twenty years before, under suspicion of having taken \$5,000 from the vault, where the package was subsequently found while the vault was being enlarged. Mr. Undercliff, trying to reach and clear his friend, learns that he took passage on the ship Juan Fernandez, which was never heard from. At the time the story opens, twenty years later, the firm receives \$5,000 from Mr. Thorne to reimburse them for the money lost through his possible negligence. Captain Latimer, of the Naida, one of the firm's vessels, who brings the Naida, has met a shipwrecked sailor who claims to be the missing son of the late Thorne. Captain Latimer, who is a shipwrecked sailor, goes with the Naida on her return trip and endeavors to find his father. Mr. Undercliff turns over to him the package of \$5,000, which he had kept undisturbed. Howard finds that it contains a bill of a later date than that of the first disappearance. He suspects a plot to ruin his father, and that Mr. Monckton, Mr. Undercliff's partner, who had been his father's unsuccessful rival in love, was at the bottom of it. Howard sails on the Naida, of which he finds that Sydney Latimer, the captain's handsome daughter, a college graduate, is second mate. He incurs the enmity of Atwell, one of the crew, by knocking him down when he is insolent to Sydney. He makes a friend of another, Jessop, whom he discovers to be the identical shipwrecked sailor that his father rescued. He is disgusted to find that he has a fellow-passenger—Carter Monckton, son of the man he suspects. Carter comes aboard drunk, and Howard guides him to his stateroom and throws away his flask. Both men, Sydney, but Howard, unable to conceal his aversion to Carter, is regarded by her as rude and prejudiced. Carter is insolent to Howard in the cabin after dinner one day, and Howard knocks him out of his chair. Carter's hand goes to his hip pocket.

"ALM yourself," said Thorne coldly, "and take your hand away from that thing in your pocket! As sure as you try to draw it out I'll break every bone in your body."

Monckton looked at the other's face and quailed. His fingers returned to their normal position.

"You bully!" he sputtered. "You thief!"

Then Thorne stood up.

"I'll thank you not to apply that term to me again," he said, so quietly that Monckton would have been warned by it had he not been so utterly beside himself with rage.

"I repeat it—you are a thief! The son of a thief!" he hissed.

Instantly Thorne leaped fairly over the cabin table, and, seemingly with the same motion, landed his clenched fist on the point of Monckton's chin.

The fellow went down like a log and lay there without stirring, and at that very dramatic point Captain Latimer came hastily down the stairway.

"What's this? What's this, gentlemen?" he demanded. "A low row in my cabin? What did you strike him for, Mr. Thorne?"

Thorne was silent. Pepper had raised Monckton into a chair, but neither he nor Sessions seemed willing to reply. Monckton himself was still too dazed to explain.

"What is it? I demand an answer, sir!" cried the old man, with dignity. "This cabin is my home. You are a passenger, Mr. Thorne, but you are also my guest. You have attacked another of my guests. Such an act is an insult to me."

"I beg your pardon, Captain Latimer," said Thorne. "I considered the Naida a public conveyance—not your home."

Had I for a moment suspected that you looked upon it as such I would have restrained myself, great though the provocation might have been.

"I gave you no provocation, in the first place," snarled Monckton. "Not till you had tipped me out of my chair."

"I heard you call him a thief, sir!" interrupted the captain, severely. "You can keep quiet."

"He is a thief," exclaimed Monckton, wildly, and his father was before him. It was only the night I came aboard the Naida that he snatched something from my hand, and I haven't seen it since."

"Yes," said Thorne, quickly, "a flask of liquor. It's at the bottom of the East River. You came aboard too drunk to know your right hand from your left."

"Stop!" commanded Captain Latimer, sternly. "This discussion has gone far enough. You'd better go and get some sleep on that bag of yours before it gets stiff. Mr. Monckton—and as for you, sir," turning to Thorne, "I thank you to keep quiet for a bit. Let us all cool down before we discuss this further. You are altogether too quick with your fists, sir."

Thorne turned on his heel and went to his cabin. He was consumed with rage—mostly at his own hot-headed stupidity for allowing himself to be drawn into such a disgraceful scene.

When Captain Latimer heard the full particulars of the trouble from his two officers he went to Thorne and frankly admitted that he had judged him too harshly.

"But I cannot understand your attitude toward young Monckton. You have scarcely treated him decently since he joined us."

"If you knew him as well as I, Captain Latimer, you would not be so surprised at my avoidance of him, nor would you care to have your daughter make the acquaintance of a man of such character."

"Hold on!" said the captain, sternly. "Don't you drag my daughter's name into this affair. I forbid it. Your interference is unpardonable."

Thorne sprang up in a rage.

"Very well," he said. "Our interview is quite at an end, I believe. This is my private cabin, sir."

He held the door open for the old man to pass out, and for days they scarcely spoke to each other. Miss Latimer seemed to share her father's feelings, and Thorne found himself fairly companionless aboard the brig.

CHAPTER VII. Mischievous Foot.

In this state of affairs Thorne began to take more or less notice of Jessop, the sailor from whose account of his meeting with Edgar Thorne the young man had gained such hope. Thorne had before been friendly to him, and often, in the dog watch, which is the one time during the day when sailors are comparatively free, had questioned him minutely about the strange island on which he had been cast and concerning the stranger individual who had rescued and carried him to New Zealand. Jessop had agreed to accompany Thorne on his voyage of exploration, providing Captain Latimer would release him at Auckland.

Feeling himself cut off from the society of the cabin, to a great extent, at least, Thorne talked a deal more with the sailor. He bent all his own energies of thought upon plans for his voyage, and found that Jessop, because of his long seafaring experience, was

no mean adviser. Between them, before the Horn was weathered, they made out a long list of articles to be purchased, in addition to the general provisioning of the craft Thorne was to engage, and laid out, with the aid of the charts, their course from Auckland to the vicinity of the mysterious island. As to the crew and the boat—they would depend upon circumstances.

"If it's all the same to you, Mr. Thorne," said Jessop on one occasion, "I wish Tom Shields was a-join' along."

"Tom was the Cockney sailor who had been aboard the Naida when Thorne joined her at Rivermouth." "If Cap'n Latimer would let him go he would be worth a good deal to you."

"How?"

"He's been a good bit about this 'ere ocean. He was cast away twice on the islands an' knows all about 'em, though he never hear tell of this islan' I was on."

"I don't think Captain Latimer would let me have two men," said Thorne. "Does this Shields want to go with me?"

"He wouldn't kick none if he got a chance to leave the brig," replied Jessop. "Why not?"

"Well, he an' I ain't one of Atwell's crowd, that's all," and Jessop turned away.

Thorne treasured these words in his memory. He had noticed, with growing concern, the disaffection among the sailors, and that Atwell was at the bottom of it. He did not doubt, what he did not know was that the officers of the brig viewed his own friendliness with Jessop with suspicion. The gulf which separates the cabin and the fore-cabin is well nigh as impassable as that mentioned in Holy Writ as lying between the two conditions of man's soul in the hereafter.

When there is any trouble aboard ship it is seldom that any of the crew openly side with the officers. The captain and mates are the sailors' sworn enemies (so Jack Tar believes—too often with good reason) and whether the men approve of their leaders or not, they seldom stand out against them. The cook usually remains neutral. On the Naida the cook, Tom, had sailed with Captain Latimer for twenty years and loved Sydney as though she had been his own child. The sailors did not trust Tom. And Thorne, it recently enough was causing, by his familiarity with Jessop, doubts to arise in the minds of Captain Latimer and his officers. One or two little outbreaks had already occurred, and affairs between those before and those about the mainmast were very strained.

Thorne continued to avoid the officers, including Sydney, and his fellow-passenger; he seldom appeared at the common table, taking most of his meals in his own cabin and paying Tom something extra for his trouble. When not shut into his private quarters, he paced the deck alone, or conversed with the sailors when they were off duty.

Thus far the Naida has experienced a remarkably pleasant voyage. But now she ran into regular Cape Horn weather. It was dangerous to hug the coast in the gale which burst over them when off Tierra del Fuego, so they steered for the southeast and ran some days out of their course before the storm. Finally it passed and the brig was put on her route again. But the first gale seemed but a mild taste of what was in store for her. Three days after she passed the Cape another gale struck her and the Naida staggered on under

the blow like a wearied courser. The sea sprang a few planks in her old hull this time, too, and from that time on the clank of the pumps was heard for a part of every day.

There is nothing that will take the heart out of a sailor like the sound of the pumps. The leak did not gain on them, but the old brig was badly strained, and nobody knew what the next blow would do to her. The crew became more reckless than ever, and the officers had more difficulty in controlling them.

Monckton stayed below most of the time during the bad weather. But Thorne, whose muscles of steel and cool head made him of valuable assistance, turned to with the men and worked as hard as any of them. And his aid was appreciated, for the brig was manned by as small a crew as the law allowed—another result of Captain Latimer's economy.

Yet Thorne had incased himself in a shell of disfigured silence through which neither captain nor officers could break, much as they appreciated his help. Miss Latimer did try, but the attempt ended disastrously. Finding Thorne leaning over the port rail one day after the force of the second tempest had spent itself, she broke the ice by saying, pleasantly:

"You make a very good sailor, for a 'green hand.' Mr. Thorne. You seem to take to it very naturally."

"I believe I told you, when I first came aboard, that I thought there was a streak of salt sailor in me somewhere," he returned, smiling. It was the first time she had put herself out to speak to him in two weeks, and he was determined to show her he felt no resentment.

"Yes, father said you were as good as two men in some things. By the time you get to Auckland and start on your real voyage, you will know considerable about seafaring matters."

"Yet I began by being woefully sick, you know."

"That is nothing. Father says that many men who make the best of sailors are seasick at first. Why, you are a much better sailor than Mr. Monckton, although he is not ill at all."

The expression of Thorne's face changed instantly at the mention of Monckton's name.

"Yes," he said, coldly, and the pause which followed was actually painful.

Sydney flushed warmly. It angered her that the mere mention of Carter Monckton's name should have been received in such a manner.

"Mr. Thorne," she said hastily, "I think you do Mr. Monckton an injustice in—in thinking of him as you do, and acting so toward him."

"Indeed?" responded Thorne, and for an instant his eyes fairly blazed into hers.

"I do," she said, still more nettled. "Do not think it honorable in you to judge him so harshly because of what may have been his former conduct. A great many young men sow wild oats."

But Thorne was too disgusted to listen quietly. How could any woman speak of a man like Monckton so leniently? He forgot for the moment that Sydney Latimer was entirely unfamiliar with Monckton's true character. The fellow had been extremely careful to keep his better qualities uppermost.

"Excuse me, Miss Latimer," he said. "As you consider me so lacking in honor, I will relieve you of my presence. Mr. Monckton is coming under, I see; he will doubtless be much pleasanter company."

He bowed formally, and turned abruptly away. He did not look back, and therefore failed to see that Sydney, instead of greeting Monckton, turned also and hastened below, leaving the other passenger looking after her in great amazement.

WILL BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN BENSON'S "AUNT JEANNIE"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her company last night at the Columbia Theater occupied their talents with E. F. Benson's comedy, "Aunt Jeannie," a pleasant but rather inconsequential work. Play and players were viewed by an audience of somewhat smaller proportions than those attracted by "The Joy of Living," and were heartily encouraged by frequent laughter, intermittent applause, and continued handclapping after the final curtain. "Aunt Jeannie" was manifestly acceptable—either for the charm with which it was presented, the occasional flashes of wit which bespeak Mrs. Benson's connection with the play, or the relief to be found in its contrast with the other offerings of the week at this theater.

An outline of the plot is not necessary to an understanding of the entertainment. It is sufficient to know that the three scenes embody modern English society life in the country and at the Ascot races; that Mrs. Campbell becomes a seeming flirt to prevent the marriage of her supposititious niece to a man whose past has been particularly offensive; that this effort is entirely successful, and that the others of the company appear in characteristic "society" roles.

Mr. Vaughn Glasser, however, whose line acting in "The Joy of Living" is one of the features of this engagement, was not in the cast. The production was well mounted and acceptably enacted, but the effect was marred by the pronounced English mannerisms of some of the men.

"Aunt Jeannie" is not a strong play from any point of view. Yet the audience which passed judgment on it last night received it gladly and enjoyed it greatly. How much greater would Mrs. Campbell's triumph have been, then, in a fine comedy like Lessing's "Minna von Barnheim" or "The School for Scandal!" Either of them, or any one of a dozen other comedies, would offer this excellent actress twice the scope for her talents and establish her twice as firmly in the regard of her American audiences.

A. D. A.

CITIZENS TO MEET COURT OFFICIALS

Reception in Honor of Justice A. M. Gould.

Arrangements for the reception in honor of Hon. Ashley M. Gould, the new Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and Morgan H. Beach, his successor in the office of United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, have been about completed and invitations were today sent to over a thousand of the most prominent business and professional men of the city.

Secretary Barry Bulkley, acting for the Business Men's Association, in pursuance of their well-defined policy of giving the people of the city an opportunity to meet new local officials as they may be appointed, has arranged all of the details.

The reception will be held Thursday evening next at 9 o'clock at the Barton, Fifteenth Street northwest near H Street. The house will be handsomely decorated for the occasion, a sumptuous repast served, and an excellent orchestra will enliven the evening.

Among those who have been invited to take their positions in the reception line are the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, the presidents of the Medical Association, the Medical Society, and the Board of Education, the president of the Bar Association, and the presidents of the following citizens' associations: Mount Pleasant Citizens' Association, Brightwood Avenue Association, East Washington Association, North Capitol and Eckington Association, Northwest Citizens' Association, Takoma Park Citizens' Association, Georgetown Citizens' Association, South-west Citizens' Association, the Anacostia Citizens' Association, and the Board of Trade.

Included in the list of invited guests are the Justices of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, the Justices of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, and the entire Bar Association.

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BREAD.
"I'm glad when I get it.
When it's gone I
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There's no purer bread
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Catarrh is a most disgusting disease. The foul mucous secretions that are constantly dropping back into the stomach contaminate and poison the blood and is distributed throughout the body, and it then becomes a deep-seated, systemic, persistent disease that must be treated through the blood, for it is beyond the reach of sprays, washes, powders or external treatment of any kind.

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SSS

keeps the blood in such perfect order that cold waves cause no alarm and the change from the heat of summer to the rigors of winter produce no hurtful effects.

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